VOL. 4. MARCH, 1901. No. 5.

# LITTLE FOLKS

## AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY FOR YOUNGEST READERS

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED

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PAUL E. DERRICK AGENCY

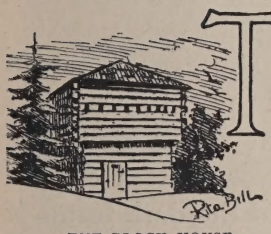
STARTING OFF TO MAKE HIS FORTUNE.

# LITTLE FOLKS

VOL. IV. MARCH, 1901. NO. 5.

## HOW DAFFODIL WAS SAVED.

(*Far-West Children.*)



THE BLOCK HOUSE.

THE very night that Ruth and her father crossed the John Day in the dug-out, word came to the ranch that the Indians had massacred some settlers farther down the river.

Ruth had just crept into bed, after eating her bowl of hot bread and milk, when her mother came, in breathless haste, to help her dress again; and as quickly as possible the family left their home to join five or six other families at the block house which had been built a few miles from where they lived.

The men made the block house as secure as possible, and then brought all the horses and put them into a corral about a quarter of a mile away. They did not fear an immediate attack, so did not station guards to protect the horses; they thought the river had come up so high that the Indians would not attempt to cross before the next day.

Ruth begged to be allowed to keep her pony in the stockade around the block house. This her mother refused, saying that others had as good a right to keep their horses there as Ruth, and that if all did so, it would make the stockade very crowded and unpleasant.

But Ruth could not sleep. She lay awake and thought of a hundred things that might happen to dear Daffodil, so far away in the lonely corral by the river. If *she* were an Indian and wanted those horses she was sure that she could get them, river

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or no river! She lay a long time, trembling from head to foot with her eager thoughts. The other children, tucked in rows under blankets, on the rough floor, were sound asleep.

At last Ruth crept out from under the blankets, dressed herself, and stole out into the stockade. The dogs all knew her and raised no disturbance. Old Rush licked her hand and followed her about, inquiringly wagging his tail when Ruth lifted the bolts of the big stockade-door and peeped out.

There was starlight, but no moon. Ruth could dimly see the road leading to the big corral, and thought how quickly she could run that quarter of a mile; after that, once upon Daffodil, how quickly she could come back!

Then — Ruth hardly knew, herself, how she ever came to really do it — she slipped outside and closed the big gate softly after her, shutting old Rush inside, and went flying along the road in the darkness. The waters of the river made a deafening roar. She could dimly see the foam, and the dark forms of uprooted trees rushing along in the wild flood.

She found Daffodil without much trouble, led him out from the other horses and mounted him, and soon had him safely tied inside of the stockade at the block house. After that she crept to her place under the blankets and fell asleep, quite willing to suffer for her disobedience in the morning.

About five o'clock Ruth was awakened by a great noise and confusion around her. The men, who were awake and up very early, had seen a band of seven or eight Indians, with all the horses from the corral, just disappearing over the brow of a hill! The Indians had made a raft and crossed the river, and had stolen all the horses — all but Daffodil! Daffodil was in the stockade! Ruth's father and mother looked upon the pony and then upon Ruth with amazement, but said nothing.

There was one man among the settlers called Long Jim, because he was six feet and six inches tall. Long Jim now volunteered to take Daffodil and ride to Fort Mitchell for help to rescue the horses.

Ruth was afraid that such a big man would break her pony's back. If only they would let *her* go! She was sure that she

RUTH SPENT MANY A DELIGHTFUL DAY WITH HER FATHER.

would do just as well. But her father said, "Ruth be quiet! Long Jim must take the pony." So Long Jim mounted — but Long Jim could not ride Daffodil, for his feet dangled to the ground!

Then Ruth laughed. "*Do* let me and Daffy go, father!" she began to beg again. How proud and how happy she would be if she and dear Daffodil could bring the soldiers from Fort Mitchell!

But the next moment a stout wiry little man, not much taller than Ruth herself, stepped out of the crowd and mounted Daffodil without saying a word. *His* feet didn't touch the ground, and he was soon flying away on the fleet little cream pony in the direction of Fort Mitchell, which was about thirty miles distant. Ruth watched them out of sight, Daffodil's snow-white mane tossing as they flew, and said to herself nobody would scold her now for bringing her pony in.

A company of soldiers from the fort was soon following the

Indians; but whenever the Indians thought that they were being hard-pressed they killed one of the horses they had stolen, and by the time the soldiers had caught up with them all the horses had been killed except those the Indians were riding.

Then there was a fight, and the old chief was shot, and the rest of the Indians were driven to the hills.

Daffodil was returned safely to her little mistress; and after Ruth had learned to be a skilful little housekeeper she was allowed to spend many a long delightful day with her father, riding over the country upon her darling pony.

*Lucia Chase Bell.*

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## PEEP OF THE DAY.

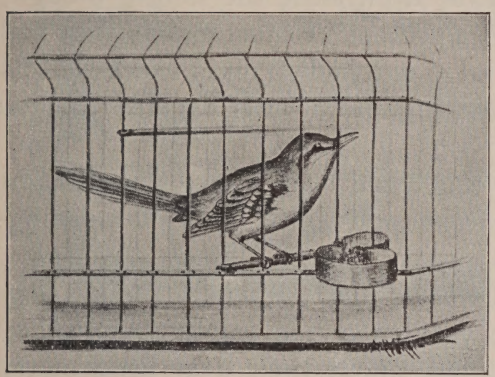
OF all the brave little, bright little Hours,
There's one that is known to but few;
He has his full share of the sunshine and showers
The same as the rest of them do,
But, somehow or other, most children at play
Have not even seen jolly Peep of the Day.

And this is the reason: he's up and around
With just the first wink of the sun,
And quick as a flash, and with never a sound,
His work and his play are all done;
Yes, that's how it happens we miss little Peep —
The most of us then are abed and asleep.

He's certainly tiny; but see what he does —
He opens the workshops of day,
And sets the wheels going with never a buzz,
And never a moment's delay;
He winds up the clocks — then this bright little elf
Runs off to give place to the Morning itself.

*Frank Walcott Hutt.*

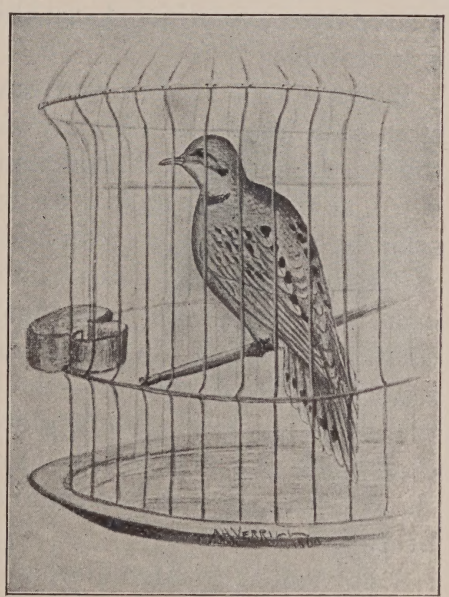
# THE MOCKING-BIRD AND THE RING-DOVE.



MERRY BOB.

ON the eastern shore of Maryland there are some very beautiful woods, and these woods resound with the music of the little mocking-birds that gaily flit from bough to bough.

Some years ago, about twenty-five, there lived in Talbot, a Maryland town, a little girl named Alice, and her brother William. They were the only children of a clergyman, and were greatly loved by everyone. Like other children they had their pets, and being in this land of songsters among them were a mocking-bird and a ring-dove.



THE PRETTY RING-DOVE.

"Bob," the mocking-bird, had a very soft-gray back, and the sprinkling of white on his black wings and tail made him look as if he had just come in from a snow-storm. He and the pretty ring-dove with the black half-ring around its creamy neck were kept in the same room in cages that were hanging side by side.

"Bob" was the pride of Talbot. He could be heard through the village streets at all hours of the day, and very often at night, and the passers-by

paused to listen to the clear liquid notes poured forth so sweetly from his tiny throat.

By and by an aunt of the children came to visit them, and when the time for her to leave drew near the family thought they would like to make her a present. Unfortunately they had not a geat deal of money, and as she had so often expressed delight at the songs of the mocking-bird, it was decided to give little "Bob" away.

I do not understand how this could have been even thought of, but it was — doubtless it was supposed that another mocking-bird could be caught in the woods.

Alice and William grieved more than the others, though they too wanted to be generous; yet it was many nights before they fell asleep without a tearful talk about their dear little merry "Bob."

One morning came a letter from Aunt Julia for Alice, and this is the principal thing that was in it:

"I do not know what ails Bob. He has not sung a note since we came home, but sits in the corner of his cage drooping. I have tried everything I can think of. What do you suppose is thetrouble?"

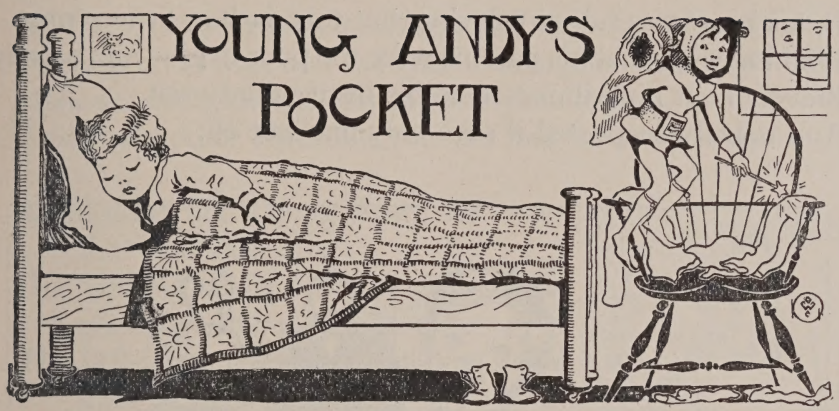
The family at Talbot were surpised to hear that "Bob" had stopped singing, and the only way they could account for it was that he missed his little companion the ring-dove. So they decided, as they did not like to ask to have "Bob" returned, to send the ring-dove on to him.

This was done, and the change in "Bob" was wonderful. He began singing, singing, singing, as if his little throat could not contain the sweet silent melodies any longer. They poured forth in bursts of rapture — the little bird singing, singing until there was one final peal of glorious song, and little "Bob" lay dead upon the floor of his cage. He had lost his life while showing the joy that had come all too late to his little broken heart.

I have often wondered what became of the little ring-dove, but no one has been able to tell me.

*Anne Washington Wilson.*

# YOUNG ANDY'S POCKET



(*A Merry Elfin Tale.*)

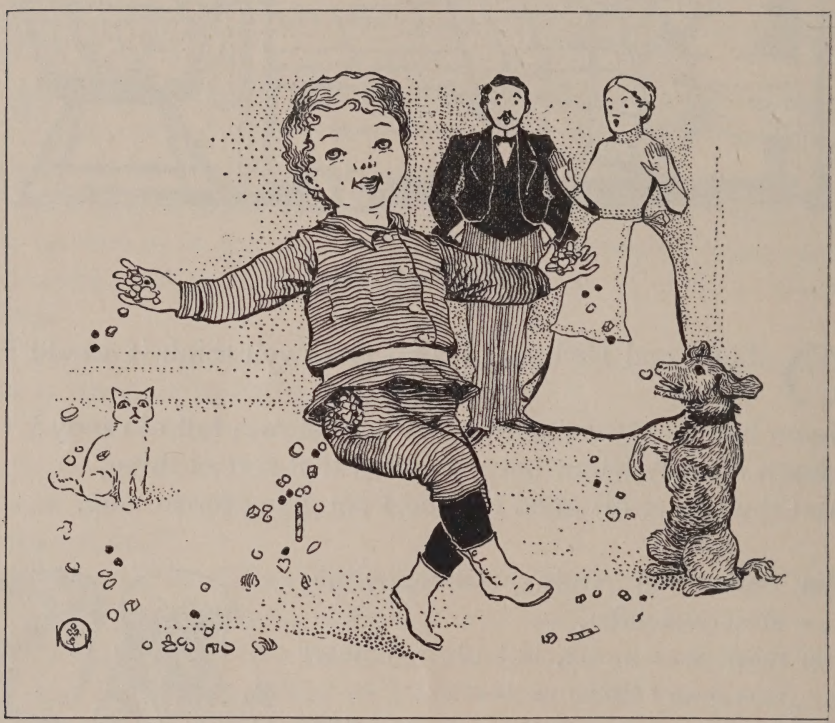
O TOM and Dick and Harry, don't you think it would be handy
If you had a trousers' pocket that was always full of candy?
I knew a lucky fellow once who had that sort of thing,
And the tale of his good fortune I am going for to sing.

His name was Andy Fizzletoppylink-umtaddelender,
His tooth was sweet, but oh, his heart was many times as tender;
He loved to give to little girls, and likewise little boys,
His marbles and his gingerbread, his apples and his toys.

Now Andy knew a pretty little girl named Bell Amandy,
Who all her livelong life had lived on seventy-five cent candy;
When he offered her his apples and his gingerbread she cried,
"I cannot eat such common things!" and tossed her head in pride.

"SUCH COMMON THINGS."

O, his heart was full of grieving, but this darling little sonny,
Well knowing that his parents were too poor to give him money,
Bravely kept his tribulation to his ownty donty self,
And nobody suspected it save only one wee elf.



YOUNG ANDY DANCES.

This elf was in a merry mood, and so one morn on rising,
Young Andy felt his cheer restored by something most surprising:
His right-hand trousers' pocket was bulging hard and big,
And in it — well, no wonder Young Andy danced a jig!

O, bonbons pink as any rose and yellow as a daffy!
O, chocolates and caramels! O, butter-scotch and taffy!
Marshmallows and vanilla creams, gumdrops and jujube paste!
O, checkermints and lemon rock — he scooped them out in haste.

O, wafers thin, cream almonds fat, and corncake nice and sticky!
O, chips and fudge and fuddydud, enough to make you sicky!
Molasses cockylorums and sugared peanut-pops,
And every other kind that you can find in candy-shops!

A pleasant life Young Andy led from that time ever after;
His coming always wakened folks to gladsome smiles and laughter,
The little girls all voted him the nicest kind of boy,
The very babies followed him with goo-goo-goos of joy.

THE JOYFUL BABIES.

At all church fairs and festivals his favors were requested;
And when it came to Christmas-time Young Andy never rested
But journeyed up and down the streets where dwelt the children poor,
To leave a dozen pounds or so at every single door.

AT CHRISTMAS-TIME.

And when a little girl received a lovely heart of candy
Upon St. Valentine's, she said, "It must have come from Andy!"
On July Fourth the boys did not take heed of things to eat—
They spent their cash for powder and 'twas Andy found the treat.

"MUST HAVE COME FROM ANDY."

WITH BELL AMANDY.

And for dainty Bell Amandy, tho' she did not half deserve it,
Whene'er he had a tidbit he was certain to reserve it.
She let him walk with her to school, she slid upon his sled,
And he forgot how she had scorned his humble gingerbread.

Don't you wish Young Andy Fizzle-toppylinkumtaddelender
Were here this winter morning with his heart so kind and tender,
With his magic pocket stuffed with sugar-plums and kisses,
Every kind you ever dreamed about of sugar blisses?

O, it makes my mouth to water merely in my mind to see
The luscious-looking lollipops he'd have for you and me!
O, let's hurrah for Andy and his pocketful of candy!
And let us cheer the little elf and even Bell Amandy!

*Elizabeth Hill.*

# THE LOVABLE TALES OF JANEY AND JOSEY AND JOE.

## IV. — The Very Best Game.

"I SEE YOU PEEPING AT ME."

AND one morning before dear Josey and Joe were awake Janey jumped out of bed and put on her little pink muslin dress and ran out of doors.

"I see you coming, you big round sun!" she cried, dancing about on the lawn, "I see you peeping over the hills at me!" And just then the sun rose over the hills and smiled with his big round face at dear little Janey.

"I see you, you lovable child," the sun seemed to say. "I know why your bright little face is so happy."

And around the corner of the house Maxie Monroe came jumping and barking and wagging his tail.

"Bow-wow! Bow-wow! Good morning, my dear little Janey," he said as plain as could be.

And Janey said, "Good morning dear Maxie Monroe. You and I will play hide-and-seek till the breakfast-bell rings."

(Dear little Janey never guessed, never dreamed what a wonderful game of hide-and-seek she was to have that morning!)

"Now stay right here while I hide, Maxie Monroe," she said. "And don't you look — for that isn't fair."

And that wise old dog — what do you think he did?

Why he crouched down on the ground and dropped his nose between his paws and shut his eyes up tight! (He had been trained to do this whenever he played hide-and-seek with the children.)

And away, away ran Janey down through the garden, and down through the orchard till she came to the big old peach-

tree beside the stone wall. And the peach-tree was full of little pink blossoms.

And dear little Janey climbed up into the peach-tree in her little pink dress, and sat down on a limb. She looked like a little pink blossom herself — her dress was so pink, and her cheeks were so pink.

"Coop! Maxie Monroe you never can find me!" she called, and then she sat very still and listened and waited.

And while she was listening and waiting all at once a voice just over the stone wall said, "Coop! hide-and-seek! I've found you, you sweet little girl in the peach-tree!"

And Janey looked down through the blossoms, and there was a very large boy with a dear funny face looking up at her and smiling.

"Oh, come up into the peach-tree quick, you nice big boy, or Maxie, Maxie Monroe will find me!" she said.

And the young man jumped up on the stone wall and climbed up into the big old peach-tree and sat down on the limb by Janey.

And just then Maxie Monroe came running and jumping and barking down through the garden and down through the orchard — right under the peach-tree he came and looked up with his wise laughing eyes at dear little Janey.

"I've found you!" he said as plain as could be. "You never can hide very long from me, little Janey."

And the big boy looked down at Maxie Monroe and said, "Ha! ha! You didn't expect to find a boy in the peach-tree, did you, old fellow?"

And Janey looked at the boy and smiled and said, "Who are you, boy, and where did you come from so early this morning?"

And the big boy said, "I came from far, far away on the cars to see my dear precious sister. And I came to see little Janey and Josey and Joe Monroe, my dear little nieces and nephew."

And Janey's eyes opened very wide, and she held very tight to the limb of the peach-tree. "I am Janey," she said. "And I guess, I guess you're my own Uncle Billy!"

And the big boy put his arm around Janey quick, and hugged her up close and kissed her three times. "Yes, I am your own

THERE WAS A VERY LARGE BOY WITH A DEAR FUNNY FACE.

Uncle Billy," he said. " And oh, you sweet little Janey. You never can guess how happy I am to see you ! "

(He never had seen little Janey before.)

And Janey clapped her hands and said, " Let us play hide-and-seek, Uncle Billy, and I will send Mama and Josey and Joe to find you."

And Uncle Billy said, " All right, so we will."

And Janey climbed down from the peach-tree and ran into

the house, and up the stairs to her mother's room. "Oh, wake up quick, you precious Mama," she said. "Uncle Billy has come, and he's hiding from you in the orchard! Hide-and-seek! hide-and-seek!"

And Josey and Joe came running in. "Oh, you are joking, you naughty Janey," said Joe. "Uncle Billy is *not* in the orchard!"

"Yes, he is, hide-and-seek! Yes, he is!" said Janey, and she clapped her hands and danced about the room.

And Mama said, "Yes, I am sure my dear brother Billy *has* come, or little Janey would not look so happy."

And very soon they were all out in the orchard looking for dear Uncle Billy. And Mama and Josey and Joe looked and looked and looked, and Uncle Billy called, "Coop! Coop!" in a low little voice, but they could not seem to find him.

And all at once old Maxie Monroe came jumping and barking and ran to the peach-tree and there they found Uncle Billy.

And dear little Mama was oh, so happy and glad, she hugged Uncle Billy and kissed him again and again, when he came down from the peach-tree — she called him her dear baby brother.

And oh, how Josey laughed, and oh, how Joe laughed, and oh, how Janey laughed. Why, Uncle Billy was almost as tall as Papa!

"That was the very best game of hide-and-seek I ever had,' little Janey said.

And they all went into the house to breakfast.

*Gertrude Smith.*

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## YELLOW PRINCE.

PRINCE is my little yellow dog,
And he has such naughty habits;
He frightens all the gentle birds
And he chases after rabbits.

When we go walking winter days
He loves to come with Nurse and me;
He runs along the woodsy path
At first as good as he can be.

THE NAUGHTY LITTLE YELLOW DOG.

Then up his ears go at some sound
That Nurse and I can never hear;
And off he dashes through the brush
Some poor wild thing to catch, I fear.

Nurse calls him loud to bring him back,
And then I call and whistle too;
But we just hear his bark grow faint,
And there is nothing we can do.

So Nurse and I go walking on
For fear that we'll be late for tea.

And soon I hear a patt'ring sound
  And Prince comes trotting after me!

And then I scold him very much
  For chasing so the poor creatures,
And Prince uncurls his yellow tail,
  Shame is written on his features.

But next day when we go again
  He dashes off the self-same way —
He will not mind one single bit
  In spite of all that I can say.

*Mabel McGinnis.*

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## CHEERFUL DAVY AND HUMPTY-DUMPTY.

"NOW I'm going to make a snow-man," cried Davy, rushing into the house and putting away his books. He was just rushing out again when his mother said, "The wood-box is empty, Davy."

"So it is. Well, I can fill it in a jiffy," he replied cheerfully, and he did. But as he brought in the last armful Grandma came into the room.

"You've come, have you, Davy?" she said. "I've been waiting for you. I wish you'd run down to the store and get me some blue yarn — I'm all out. Here's the sample."

Davy's face fell a little, but he answered pleasantly, "All right, Grandma!" and hurried away.

They were very busy in the store and Davy had to wait quite a long time for the yarn. When he got home it was past five o'clock.

"I guess I won't begin my snow-man till to-morrow," he said.

The next night there was nothing for Davy to do but fill the wood-box; then he went out into the yard and began upon the snow-man. First he made some good legs. "I'm not going to

have my snow-man wear a dress as some do," he said to himself.

By the time Davy had built up the short stout legs and made a body, with snow buttons down the front of the white coat, it was too dark to work any longer.

"I'll finish him to-morrow," he said.

The next day was warmer and the headless snow-man's legs grew weak in the sun. Finally one of them gave out entirely, and of course you know what happened then

Davy looked almost ready to cry when he came home from school and saw the wreck, but concluded to laugh.

"Humpty-Dumpty had a great fall," he said. "Next time I'll make him stronger — guess I'll call him 'Humpty-Dumpty.'" Then he began over again.

NOT MUCH TALLER THAN DAVY.

At dark the new Humpty-Dumpty was just as nearly done as the one before him. "I'll finish him to-morrow," said Davy again.

It was colder the next day and when he came home from school, Humpty-Dumpty still stood waiting to be finished.

But as Davy ran up the walk, Ponto came bounding out to meet him. Humpty-Dumpty stood right in the way, and in a twinkling down he tumbled.

"Now, Ponto! Just see what you've done!" Davy exclaimed with vexation. Then he laughed good-naturedly.

"You didn't mean to, did you, old fellow?" he said, patting the big dog's shaggy side. "Humpty-Dumpty was right in your path, wasn't he? Next time I'll put him in a corner."

So Davy began a new snow-man in a corner of the fence, and when it was dark the new Humpty-Dumpty was just as nearly

done as the two others had been, and again Davy said, "I'll finish him to-morrow. It'll be Saturday," he added; "I can get him all done."

It was growing quite cold and the snow was beginning to fall as Davy went in. It snowed all night and the wind blew too. In the morning there were big white drifts all about, and one of the very biggest was right in Humpty-Dumpty's corner, and of course he was completely buried.

It was a cold windy day, and the snow blew and flew, so Davy decided to wait till the next week before he tried again.

Monday was cold too, but pleasant, and after school Davy began another snow-man and when it was too dark to work any longer there was just as much done on the new Humpty-Dumpty as there had been on the others, and Davy said once more, "I'll finish him to-morrow."

Nothing happened to Humpty-Dumpty that night or the next day, and after school Davy made his head with eyes, ears, nose and mouth. Then his arms were put on. For these, two short sticks were stuck into the sides of his jacket and covered with snow, which did not stay on very well, however.

For the last touch Davy set an old cap on his head and there stood his snow-man finished at last, and a funny-looking fellow he was — so very stout and so very short, not much taller than Davy himself.

The weather kept cold for several days and with a little patching up now and then, Humpty-Dumpty bravely stood his ground, and he was really a great deal of company for Davy.

Then the weather changed; it grew warmer, and warm weather does not agree with snow-men. Humpty-Dumpty got gradually thinner and one day when Davy came from school, where he had stood there was now only a melting heap of snow, two sticks and an old cap.

"Poor old Humpty-Dumpty," Davy said. "'All the King's horses and all the King's men,' couldn't make him stand up again, could they? Well, he and I had a good time. I shall make another snow-man some day."

*Carrie A. Parker.*

# LONG TOM, AND HOW THEY GOT HIM.

## Chapter V. — In the Great Barn.

THE Pekoe Guards had watched for the return of the donkey-carriage from Tinkertown.

Some of the boys had run almost all the way to Tinkertown to meet it they were so eager to know whether they were really going to have Long Tom.

As it drove into Pekoe the cart was attended by such a crowd of shouting boys that Bevis barked madly and Carrots kicked and pranced.

Pinky Jones had not allowed Ambrose to drive her home to Gobang. He was obliged to go, so she climbed into the back of the donkey-cart. She said she must know what the Pekoe Guards would say and do about the gun.

Captain Billy Boy wouldn't tell them anything about it, in the street. He thought it would not be dignified. But Bee had hard work to keep Pinky still. She told her that it was not fair to Billy Boy to tell before he had a chance to.

But when the boys shouted, "Long Tom! Long Tom! can we get him?" Pinky shook her head sadly.

She kept asking them, too, whether they knew that Pumbleberry's Pond had no bottom, and that there was a bear — a truly bear — in Perigo's woods. And then she said that she hadn't said a word about the gun!

Pinky would have been such a nice girl if she had only known when to keep still. As it was, she worried Bee Brown a good deal and Bee couldn't make Billy Boy like her. Of course you want your brother to like your best friend.

The crowd of boys followed the donkey-cart home and Billy Boy invited all who belonged to the Guards to come into the great barn. He said to Bee he would not have Pinky Jones in the barn, but Bee coaxed him to let Pinky and her stay in the granary which had a door and window opening into the barn.

Pinky put up the window and thrust her head out at once, where it was just on a level with Billy Boy's, who stood on a barrel to make his report. But she had promised not to say a

word, and Bee kept hold of her sash ribbon so to pull her down if she did.

Billy Boy told all about the gun; everything that Captain William Stork had told him, that is.

He said it was plain to see that the Tinkertown boys meant to keep the gun, but that it was not according to law and order for them to do so. The town had sold the gun to Captain Stork and had no doubt used the money they had got for it towards buying a cannon. He thought it was as much for fun as because they really wanted the gun that the Tinkertown boys were trying to keep it.

Then he asked the question whether the Pekoe Guards would raise ten dollars to pay Captain Stork's wife for the gun, and take the risk of getting it.

If you could have heard the shouting then you would have known that the Guards thought it would be only fun to get the gun away from the Tinkertown boys.

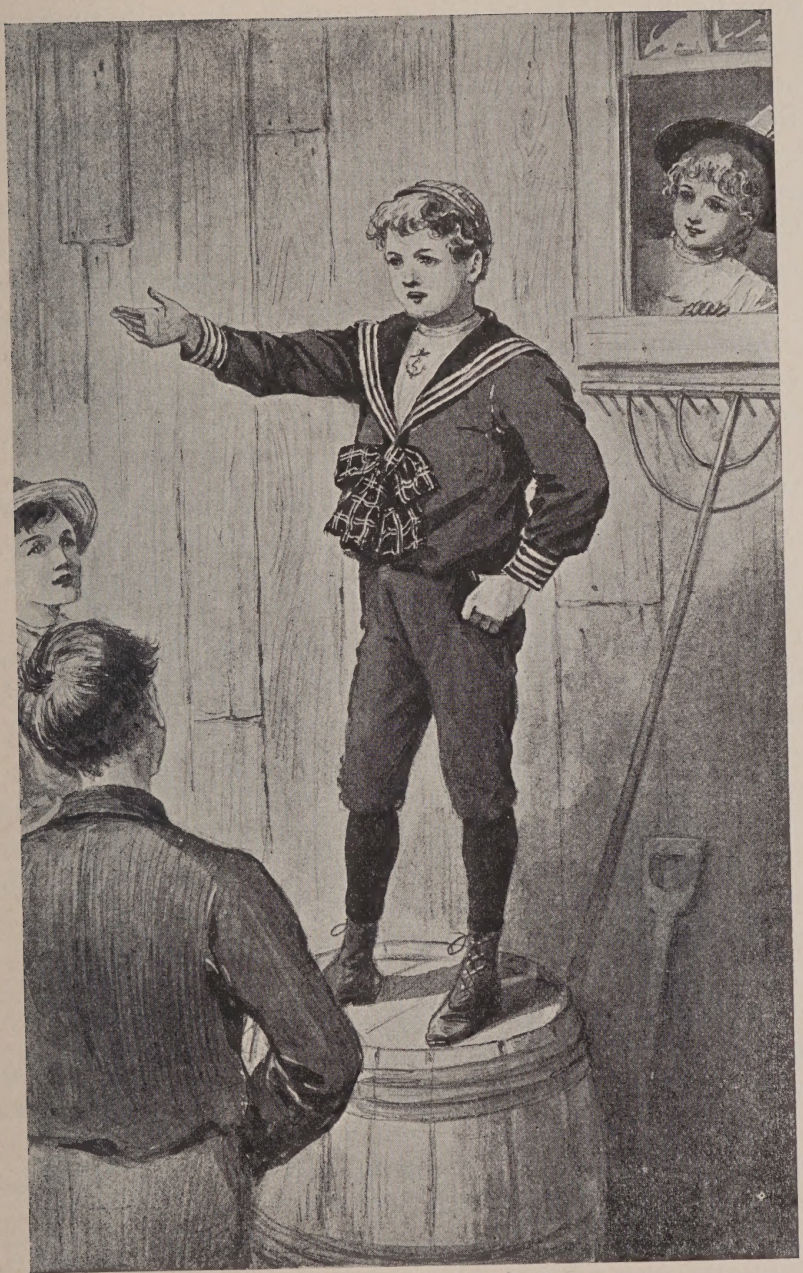
Pinky Jones forgot herself entirely, and cried out that the gun was either in Pumbleberry's Pond that had no bottom, or in Perigo's Woods where there was a bear. But the noise was so great that no one heard her and Bee pulled her down.

"Ten dollars? Let us raise it now!" cried Peter Plummer.

Every boy shouted "Yes!" to that. But then they began to look at one another, and some looked a little foolish. For they didn't quite know where their share of the ten dollars was to come from.

Peter Plummer sat down on the milking stool and took out paper and pencil. Ten dollars wasn't very much apeice for twenty-seven boys. He told them just how much in about two minutes, for Peter had a head for figures; and they all went their ways to get the money.

It must be raised as soon as possible, for Captain Billy Boy thought they ought to go the very next Saturday to Tinkertown to get the gun. Peter Plummer, too, said there was nothing like striking while the iron was hot. Now it may be thought a very little money to have any difficulty about but, as Tommy Philbrick the drummer of the Guards said with feeling, there were



BILLY BOY MAKES HIS REPORT.

always hard times at the end of vacation. In truth, times were almost always hard with Tommy for he had a sweet-tooth and spent all his money at the candy shop.

Some of the boys ran when they had left the barn as if they were in great haste. Judsy Fling ran across the field to tell Farmer Jenkins that he couldn't take a big pumpkin for a Jack-o'-lantern, to pay for jobs, as usual, but must have money, and Lieutenant Danny Frazar ran to accept his grandmother's offer of a quarter for not uttering Indian war-whoops, which she didn't like, being an old lady of quiet tastes. And little Norman Nute ran to write out the programs for a show with his dog Flip as sole performer. At two cents a ticket Flip could be depended upon to raise the necessary money.

When Billy Boy and Bee and Bob their older brother — who also belonged to the Guards — and Pinky Jones were left alone in the barn, Orlando Pew the hired man, came down the long ladder from the hay loft.

"I know I don't belong to the Pekoe Guards and I'm no one to listen," said Orlando. "But when I heard you were going to try to get that gun I thought I'd better know all about it For the Tinkertown boys are young rascals, a good many of them. They don't think so much of the gun as they do of making mischief. If they wouldn't let it go off in the sloop *Betsey* they won't let you have it. Now I know where Long Tom is. He is either in Pumbleberry's Pond"—

"That hasn't any bottom!" cried Pinky Jones.

"Or in Perigo's woods"—

"Where there's a bear!" cried Pinky Jones.

Bob Brown, almost fourteen, turned a somersault on the barn floor, he seemed to think it was such fun to try to get a gun that was hidden like that.

"Did you know? Why didn't you tell the boys?" he asked of Billy Boy when he came upright.

"Because I was afraid they couldn't wait till next Saturday!" said Billy Boy.

(*To be continued.*)

*Sophie Swett.*

## RIDDLE-RHYMES.

### XII.

I ROAM the world, and surely every one
My voice has heard, since first the world began;
Yet never one, by star or moon or sun,
My form has seen — no child, nor oldest man.

*C. S. P.*

---

## 'SIAH'S HUT.

(*When I was a Little Girl.*)

WHEN I was a little girl I did not care very much whether it was warm or cold if I could only stay out-of-doors, and I spent almost every minute out of school in the open air, even in the winter.

When the snow was deep around the house mother would let my sister and me go out to wade. She would cut off the bottoms of the legs of some of father's old trousers and draw them up on us, tucking all our skirts inside, put on our hoods, cloaks and mittens, tie the trousers close about our ankles over our heavy shoes or rubber boots, and then let us go. Oh, what fun we had, and how 'Siah and father laughed at us!

Sometimes my father would drive away out into the country to see to his woodland, and he always took some of us with him. I remember once walking around on a hilly field and looking down into a woody swamp while he was off in the woods, and suddenly I saw such a beautiful tree shining in the sun, just covered with red berries; it was where I could not go to it, but when father came I begged him to see what that red-looking tree was, and he said it was holly, and he went into the swamp and brought me some branches. Oh, how lovely it was with its shining green leaves and the red berries so very thick!

After this, every year we used to go to this place for holly,

but we never found berries so thick again. In the field next to the wood was a large shed built into the side of the hill so the roof came down to the ground, and while father was putting up his horse in the farmer's barn, we children would climb up the slanting roof of this shed as far as we could, and then slide down. I remember we always looked forward to this as part of the holly gathering.

There was good coasting on our own barn hill, and in many fields near by — great long coasts through two or more fields, full of "thank-you-marms," as we called them. Now and then there was a fine icy crust all over the deep snow and we could run over field after field.

Sometimes when the river froze very hard people went fishing; they put traps all over the ice, and when 'Siah got a little bigger he had to have some traps too. We used to help him bait them and fix the little red flags that flew up on the trap when a fish was caught.

Once in a while father would go hunting, and he took 'Siah when he was big enough. We had a hound called "Spotty" who was wild to go hunting, and he had to be shut up in the house while father and 'Siah were getting ready as he got so antic. When all was ready, father would say, "Spotty, want to go hunting?" and Spot would jump around and leap upon father and 'Siah and lick the guns, and oh, how he would run when he got out!

'Siah set some traps in the woods for partridges and rabbits to cook, but he never got a great many. I used to go with him to visit these traps before school on such cold mornings I thought my hands would really freeze; but I did not say anything about being cold for I was afraid 'Siah would not let me go again, and I felt, as my sister said, "pretty big" because I could go with 'Siah.

My mother cooked the partridges, but 'Siah usually cooked the rabbits himself, and I will tell you where.

'Siah had begun to read about boys going camping and living in huts and he wanted to go off in the woods and build a hut and live there. Of course father would not let him do it, but

he said, "You can build a hut in the garden, if you want to." So with the help of some bigger boys 'Siah built a very good hut.

They got all the old boards out from under the barn and fitted them together. There was one small window and a door, and a little table-shelf that was folded up against the wall when not in use. Somebody gave them a little cook-stove, and 'Siah and the boys had splendid times in the hut. The hut would hold

ON A LITTLE POND-HOLE.

six boys if they sat close, and was tall enough to stand up in all right.

It was out there, on the little stove, that 'Siah made rabbit-stews; he would dress and cut up the rabbits and I helped him cook them. Mother often let 'Siah and my sister and I take our dinners out and eat them in the hut. We thought they tasted much better there than in the house; so we squeezed up to the little table. sitting on boxes and stools, and had fine times.

'Siah had all his special boy friends come to eat in his hut, and father let him stay out there until half-past eight or nine o'clock evenings. There were some bad boys that came around, but 'Siah and the other boys would not let them in.

Sometimes 'Siah had some oysters and made an oyster stew, or he and the others made molasses candy, or popped corn. Mother let them take dishes from the house, and once I remember I took out a dear little tall blue-and-white willow-ware pepper-box; it had been my grandmother's and mother was quite choice of it. I forgot to bring it right in, as I promised and meant to do, and it met with a sad fate.

One day when father and 'Siah were both away, mother saw the bad boys come around behind a neighbor's barn and look over the fence at the hut. She went to the window and told them to go away and let the hut alone, and off they ran. But by-and-by mother, who had been busy in another part of the house, went to look out of the window again, and there lay 'Siah's hut all flat and broken up. The pretty pepper-box was all smashed up in the hut.

Oh, how bad 'Siah felt when he came home at night, and I did, too, for I had liked the hut almost as well as the boys.

Of course milk and almost everything else froze solid over night in our house. I remember hearing mother say that it made bean-porridge better to freeze. The milk and meat and mince-pies had to be thawed out by the fire before breakfast. The lard-oil lamps were all solid too, and had to be melted.

When I was a little girl I thought pop-corn was very nice and we popped it often, and sometimes mother made corn-balls for us. We used to parch sweet-corn too, by putting it in a spider and keeping it moving around over a hot fire. We used to take this sweet corn and the pop-corn that did not pop well, and pound it fine in a mortar, or grind it in a coffee-mill; then we put in a little sugar and a little milk and ate it — we called it "no-cake." It was said to be an Indian dish.

As it grew near spring the ice got thinner on the little pond-holes where we were allowed to go skating and sliding. Sometimes it got limber and bent up and down in a very exciting

fashion when we ran over it — we called it "ben-doughnuts," and liked to try running over it just as long as it would bear. Once my sister and I ran over just once too often, and the ice broke and in we went almost up to our necks in the cold muddy water. We screamed, and a man ran and pulled us out, called us "naughty gals," shook us well, and sent us home dripping, shivering and crying.

*Elizabeth Robinson.*

---

## LEARNING TO WHISTLE.

(*A Recitation.*)

Recite first line with a pompous air; at end of second line purse up the mouth; at end of verse blow with only an aspirate sound.

When I was just a *little* boy,
I screwed my mouth up, *so*,
And tried to whistle, oh, so hard,
But I could only blow
Like this.

At end of second verse strut up and down stage with hands in pockets, alternately sucking in and expelling the breath with a whistling sound.

But by and by I learned to make
A real nice whistling noise,
And whistled up and down the block
To "show off" to the boys,
Like this.

At end of third verse stand still, facing audience, and, blowing outward, whistle four or five clear monotonous notes.

But they all laughed at me, and said
I whistled backward! So
I blew until the sound came right —
But not a *tune*, you know —
Like this.

At end of last verse march off the stage whistling "Yankee Doodle," and keep it up till seat is reached.

But just the hardest was to keep
My lips held tight and round,
And slide the whistling up and down,
'Till I could make it sound
Like this!

*Henrietta R. Eliot.*

# THE LITTLE OWLS AT RED GATES

V.

NEXT morning, and ran out-doors after breakfast, to see their new home. The shone, and little were singing in the . Doffy climbed up on one big red and Dicky climbed up on the other. "This is a very nice, high ," said Doffy. "We can see off everywhere." "Perhaps we shall see that fly by," said Dicky. "Wouldn't you be afraid?" "No!" said Doffy. "Now let's let our dolls look!" She took a little red flannel out of her pocket, and Dicky took out a little blue flannel . they were about as big as two little . Doffy held her up high, and Dicky held his up the same. "Look, Polly," said Doffy, "look and see 'Red Gates'! All this nice and all these nice -trees, and all these nice

-trees are ours, and all this nice

and

, and all this nice

!"

"Peter," said Dicky, "everything is all ours!" "Hello," said

, behind them, "who wants to take a walk?" "I! I!" cried both, and they jumped down and ran in to get their

in such a hurry that

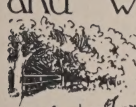
dropped her

, and Bobs picked it up and laid it on the gate-post. Then

walked up through the pasture, and saw the little

and

, and went up to the red

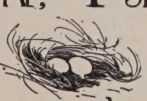
by the

, and stopped to rest under the old

where the

lived. The owls heard them and kept

still, and Doffy and Dicky never knew they lived there. But

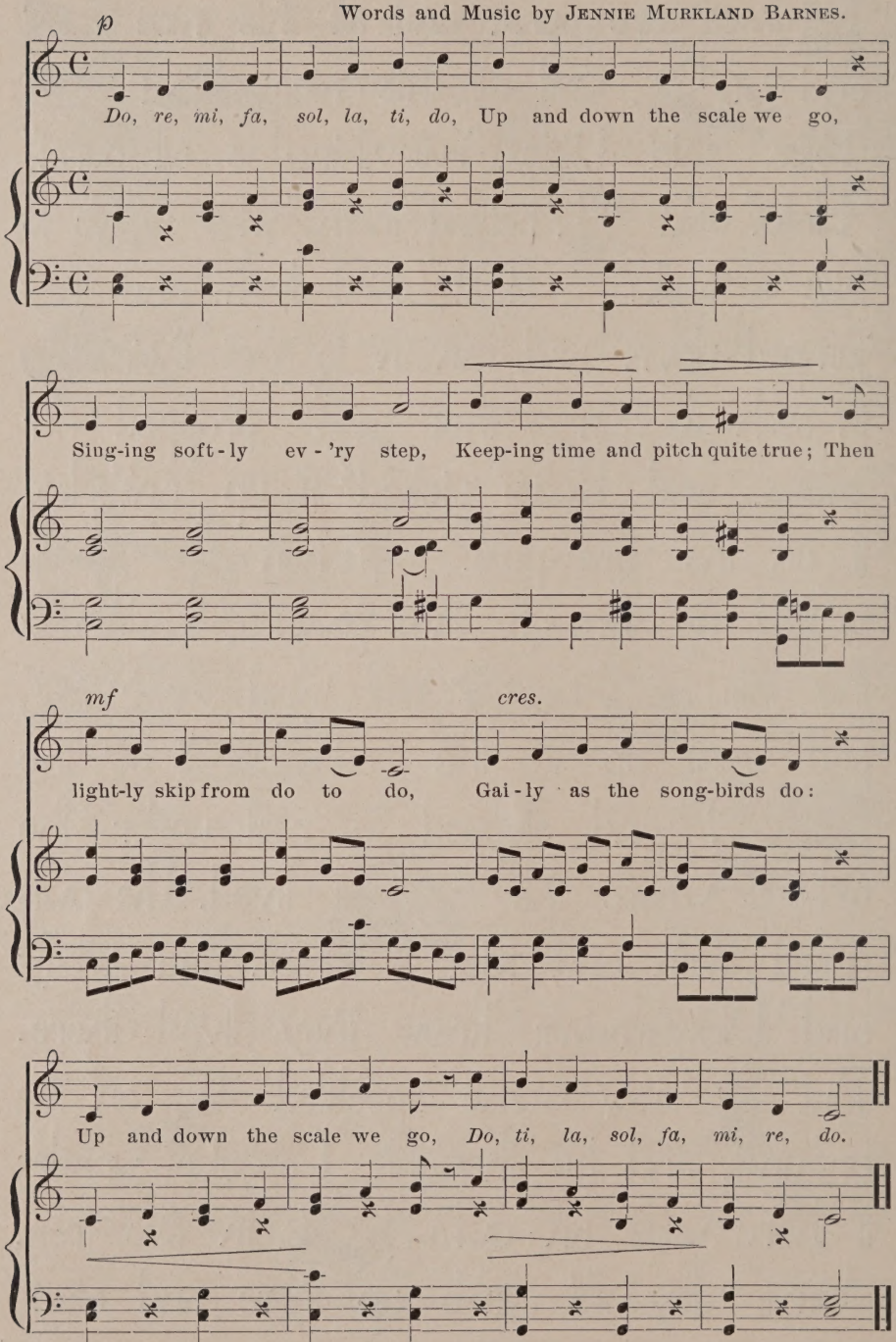
saw some speckled

on the ground, and he thought, "I shouldn't wonder if there were an owl's

in this tree. Some day I'll climb up there and see!"

# FROM DO TO DO.

A SCALE SONG.

Words and Music by JENNIE MURKLAND BARNES.


p
Do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, ti, do, Up and down the scale we go,
Sing-ing soft-ly ev-'ry step, Keep-ing time and pitch quite true; Then
mf
cres.
light-ly skip from do to do, Gai-ly as the song-birds do:
Up and down the scale we go, Do, ti, la, sol, fa, mi, re, do.

# PUBLISHER'S TALK.

Hereafter receipts for renewal of subscriptions will be enclosed in the next magazine sent after receipt of the payment. Postal card receipts will always be sent to new subscribers.

All copies of LITTLE FOLKS will be sent hereafter in single wrappers as the method pursued with the January and February numbers was not wholly satisfactory.

The publisher gives below extracts from a few of the many letters received from little club organizers.

"Please send me ten more February numbers. I have sold 19 and taken one yearly subscriber."—"I have received the little gold watch and it is lovely. I send another new subscriber for a chatelain."—"I enclose $2 for two new subscribers. Please send 200 more Perry or Brown pictures. This will make 700 pictures in all. I take them to school and teacher uses them sometimes."—"Please send me two dolls, one with light and one with dark hair. I have four new subscribers and send the names."

"Please send fifteen March LITTLE FOLKS. I send $1.05 for the February numbers. Think I can sell more."—"I send $1.20 for a new subscriber and a bound volume 2. Now I shall have all the LITTLE FOLKS there are."—"I have earned three kinds of engines and have two new subscribers for a Steam Pile driver. It isnt very hard work to get subscribers."

"The game board came all right and is great. For this new subscriber please send the large etching for mamma."—"I would like to be agent. I have 13 subscribers and tell me how to send the pay."

"I have three subscribers and their names are—— Money order for three dollars I send. Please credit these subscriptions as I want to get a camera or a teaset for mama. How many subrcribers for a dinner set?"—"I will be an agent for Akron. Please send ten copies. What shall I do if some are left?" "Please send a magnifying glass for the dollar enclosed and send LITTLE FOLKS to——for a year."—"I write this letter on the typewriter you sent me. I like to use it. It works good and is all right. I'm going to get a knife and a drinking cup, an air rifle and a bank."

## RIDDLE-RHYMES.

### JANUARY ANSWERS

The Answers to Riddle-Rhymes VIII in the January number is Snow-flakes.

### JANUARY HONOR LIST.

Boys and girls who sent the correct answers to Riddle-Rhymes VIII.

Renard R. Mitchell, Emily Pardee, Annie Van Deusen, Ruth Durston, Laura Lennox, Merle P. Weymouth, Alice May Hall, Richard G. Saville, Franc R. Kellogg, Clara Irene Kanath, John Randall Norton, Everett P. Combes, Gladys Lathrop Taylor, Isabella L. Frew, Robert E. Cook, Gertrude Lovett, Frances Warner, Margaret Burns, Martha Lincoln, Frank Kassube, Winnie Seal, Ralph D. Woods, Homer B. Woods, Charlie J. Gutterson, Galda Godshall, Frances Tart, Nina E. Rofferty, Homer Duke, Oscar Knabla, Frank Franz, Warner Ogden, Alpha Rinn, Frank E. Strasser, Mabel Rippe, Alice Rippe, Talbot Ward, Gracia Moule, Clio J. Nichols, George Titzell, Jo Leroy Roberds, Helena A. Gesundheit, Gladys Derrick, Lauraine Faloon, George T. Lowden, Wilson Strasser, Mary L. Lowden, Robert F. Kinney, Varney Stuart Ward, Carita A. Wallace, Mary L. Wilcox, Eugenie V. Price.

A number of guessers sent "snow" as the answer, and, though not quite correct, their names are included in the Honor List. The form of the charade—"my first" (snow), "my second" (flakes), "my whole" (snow-flakes)—should have told these children that the answer was a word of two syllables. "Snow" gives no chance for a "second," or for a "whole" made up of a "first" and a "second."

Some children only five and six, sent correct answers, and also little "essays" or descriptions.

### JANUARY PRIZES

The four Prizes for the best Descriptions of the Answer to Riddle-Rhymes VIII in the January number have been awarded as follows:

Prize A, steam engine, to boy over seven, Renard R. Mitchell, Wilton, N. C.

Prize B, dressed doll, to girl over seven, Mabel Rippe, Madison, So. Dak.

Prize C, jack-knife, to boy under seven, Wilson Strasser, Coshocton, O.

Prize D, set paper dolls to girl under seven, Gladys Lathrop Taylor, Los Angeles, Cal.

Several of the little "essays" in Class A and in Class C were close competitors with the prize winners, and the following were deemed worthy of Honorable Mention: Richard G. Saville, Everett Putney Combes, Franc R. Kellogg, John Randall Norton, Isabella L. Frew, Gladys L. Derrick, Merle P. Weymouth, Clio J. Nichols, Emily Pardee, Galda Godshall, Frances Warner.

### MARCH HONOR LIST.

The March Honor List, which will be pub-

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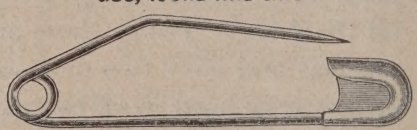
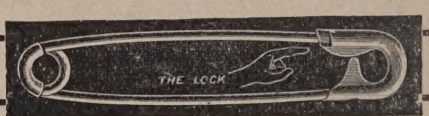


THE
"STRONGHOLD"
SAFETY PIN




has the point locked in the shield. It will neither bend, unfasten nor pull out. Its life, usefulness and safety are increased twentyfold.

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lished in the May number, will include the names of all children who send in by April 1st, the correct answer to Riddle-Rhymes XII, in this number.

Answers must be wholly the children's own.

Send Answers to Editors of Little Folks, Warner, N. H.

From the many good and interesting Descriptions of the answer to Riddle Rhymes VIII, ten have been selected for publication here. In making these selections, or in awarding the prizes, penmanship, capitals, punctuation, and general appearance, have been considered, as well as words and ideas.

SNOWFLAKES. (*Prize A*).—Snowflakes are bits of frozen vapor falling through the air in many different shapes which are very pretty. You cannot see their forms with the natural eye. They look like many beautiful white feathers. One of the most beautiful flakes is called the feathered star, one is hexagon shaped. There are two or three stars beside the feathered star. After a shower of flakes has fallen, the ground is covered with snow, sometimes very deep, which keeps the earth warm, and gives we boys fun. If the wind blows very hard it makes snow drifts, and stops traveling people and trains.

RENARD R. MITCHELL.

SNOWFLAKES.—Once upon a time there were two little snowflakes, playing up in the clouds. Soon the North Wind came and said, "you must go on a long journey down to the earth." And he blew so hard that they were separated. One of them fell right on a railroad, under thousands of others, until there was a drift so high you could hardly look over it. When the train came along it stopped short, and the engine puffed and puffed but could not get through. The passengers had to wait until men came and shoveled the snow away. The other little snow-flake fell right in Charlie's front yard, under thousands of others, until there was a big drift. When Charlie saw the drift he said, "I will call in the boys, and we will make a snow man."

EVERETT PUTNEY COMBES.

SNOWFLAKES.—Snow is water frozen into crystals floating in the air. If these crystals are put on a piece of black cloth and looked at through a microscope they appear to be very beautiful. Ice is transparent and snow is not, yet both are frozen water; and the reason for snow being opaque is that air is mixed with it. In the Polar regions snow has been seen of red, orange and salmon colors. Snow protects plants from the frost, and serves as shelter to animals which bury themselves in it.

RICHARD G. SAVILLE.

SNOWFLAKES.—The railroad runs through my father's farm. It runs through a deep cut. My father has seen the snowflakes from fifteen to eighteen feet deep in the cut. On the first day of March last year, we had an awful snow storm. I saw the train blocked not far from the depot. It could not run till the next afternoon. On the second day of March the roads were so full that they had to shovel them out.

CHARLIE T. GUTTERSON.


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Club rates with all the leading publications will be found in this number or will be sent on request.

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E. Fougera & Co., 30 North Williams St., N. Y.

SNOWFLAKES.—Sometimes the snowflakes pile up so high that we can not see over them. One winter papa always brought the shovel in the house, so he could shovel a way out in the morning. In the towns, tunnels were dug from one store to another. The railroads were snowed up so we did not get any mail for two weeks. One day some ladies came to see grandma, and the banks were so high that they didn't know how to get down to the house. One of the ladies sat on a robe and got Grandma to pull the corner, and she slid down. Then all the rest tried it, and they had lots of fun.

FRANC R. KELLOGG.

SNOWFLAKES. (*Prize B.*)—Snowflakes are of many shapes. When the sun shines on them they sparkle like diamonds and are very beautiful. They make a warm blanket to keep the little seeds and roots warm when they sleep through the winter. We have lots of fun with our little sled when there is snow enough, and enjoy riding in the cutter. But we haven't had enough snow last winter or this to make good sleighing. Some winters they have to clear the railroad out here with snow-plows so the trains can run. MABEL RIPPE.

SNOWFLAKES.—Snowflakes are frozen rain. They fall from the clouds in winter. By examining them with a magnifying glass, we find them very beautiful in form. Usually the snowflakes begin to fall in November. Sometimes they fall in such masses that they block railway trains. We make snowballs, snow houses, snow-men and a good many other things out of snowflakes. Sometimes they cover the ice on the river so that we can't skate. These small snowflakes are useful for keeping the seeds that are in the ground warm so that they won't freeze, and to prepare the ground for spring.

ISABELLA L. FREW.

SNOWFLAKES.—Snowflakes are formed while falling. They build themselves into forms called "snow crystals." They form stars, each having six rays. Snow is often called "Nature's Blanket," which is very suitable as it covers the seeds and protects them from the frost. Children have many fine times playing in the snow; the girls build snow-men and the boys build forts. Some children in warmer climates have never seen snow. A little girl from one of the West Indies cried out the first time she saw snow and said, "the angels are emptying all their feather-beds on the earth."

GLADYS L. DERRICK.

SNOWFLAKES.—I think the first is snow, because the snow covers the ground like a blanket to keep the roots warm. The second I think is flakes, because I eat flaked rice and the flakes are thin. All children like to play in snow, and sometimes it drifts so deep it blocks a railway train. MERLE P. WEYMOUTH.

SNOWFLAKES.—The snow flakes come down softly, and up in the sky they look black, but when they come down they cover the ground with a soft white carpet. If enough snow falls it stops the trains. The little snowflakes make some trees very pretty. My uncle made a snow-man, and it made his fingers ache. I went down such a steep hill on my sled that I went right across a little brook. Boys like to build forts, but the girls do not care so much for that. When the sun comes out after a snow storm, the ground looks like silver.

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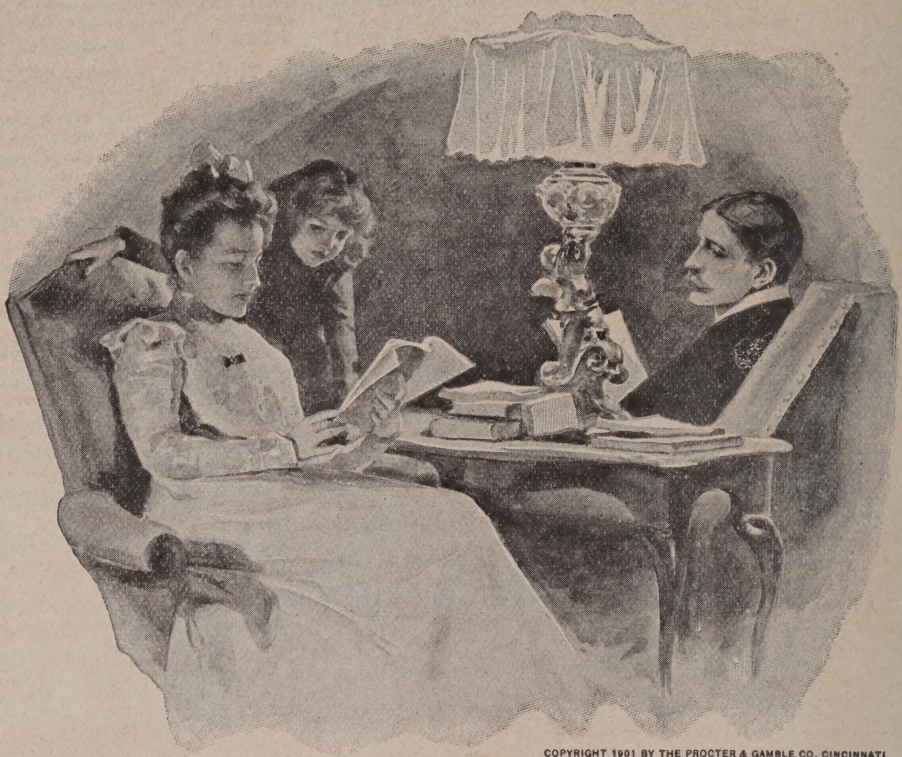

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